

The Attack Of the Assassins!!!

Tucked up in my bed at 8.30 pm (it was very cold and rainy outside) reading my self-defence book, I noticed a constant dripping of water from the roof. Although it was annoying, I lazily ignored the dripping, made myself comfy and dozed off. ✓ *hardly descriptive opening.* (up)

There are plenty of lousy ways to wake up: with a colossal, hairy tarantula sticking their foot up your nostril scaring you so bad you tumble out of your bed; having an overpumped football pelted at your face violently by your evil brother winding you, which makes you bang your head, stupidly because his friend dared him to as they were playing truth or dare; having super heavy encyclopedias drop on your stomach which makes you bang your head on a brick wall and then you get knocked out... *Great detailed list!*

But those are all bliss compared to having three big muscly men armed with massive loaded flame-throwers^① in your bedroom. ✓

I lept onto one of them giving them a headlock which made him faint. I down 2 to go I thought! The other ones were even more muscly they aimed their flame-throwers at me. I dodged the fire & like a bullet. Then one pounced

① A gun which fires flames, originated from Germany. ✓

on me... "He," I screamed I was about about to say help but he put his hand over my mouth just in time. If I were ~~Spiderman~~ Spiderman, I'd do the same with a web, but I wasn't. So... I squirted him with my water bottle. He crawled off me. "What do you want?" I asked. "I want the password for your brand brand new iPhone," he replied.

"No, never," I shouted back. The other one pounced at me but I used my cat-like reactions to roll out of the way onto the floor. ✓

~~Was~~ Was I ready to die? - No I certainly wasn't!!! - I threw my book at one and he flew backwards through the window - the glass shattered into an uncountable amount of pieces.

I ~~was~~ strolled cautiously up to the last one; he shot..... ✓

I ducked out of the way of the fire just scorching my head, grabbed his gun and ~~sizzled~~ sizzled him like a sausage on the barbecue. Yuck!

Alexander and Erica rushed to my room and in unison asked me if I was alright.

I replied "Yes I am."

"You better go to class then," Alexander told me.

So I did as instructed and walked straight to Mr Momento's class. Mr Momento was a small man with huge feet who loved gymnastics more than any one else in the world. He was half French and was as loud as a stampede of ~~elephant~~ elephants. After half an hour of learning, I asked Murray and Zoe "did I tell